

GODIVA'S BOX

Dear Godiva.

Well, I sincerely hope you've done with the annual Toike navel-gazing ceremonies ... you know, the "who does the Toike really speak for" annual debate.

Tut, tut, and furthermore, tut. (Not to be confused with "tit"). Seems it happens every year ... the Toike puts out (no pun intended) an especially gross issue, the Dean gets upset, and much soul-searching is in evidence in the musty Toike office.

Having got that bit of nastiness off my chest, congrats on some fine Toikes this year! (The only really objectionable one was the one done by the nurses ... what do they know, after all? Now that's what I call obscene!)

As for the Toike being given financial assistance by SAC, well, what can you expect? You never should have accepted that grant, tainted as it is by the blood of widows and orphans. Him what pays the piper and so on. I say, let the Toike stand on its own two feet ... get rid of the SAC money and half your troubles will be over. The other half will just be beginning, but that's another story.

Once again, congratulations from the semi-tropical paradise that is Newfoundland. Heard any good mainlander jokes lately?

Bottoms up.

Jim Maclean and U. Rinal
Toike Managing Editor, 1973-74

Dear Muffed One:

CHEM EXPOSE 2(b)

We are concerned about the increasing use of green ink for tests and assignments. No longer is this being saved for special purposes such as 2 X tables for foresters.

This movement has even reached the recesses of the Wallberg building — witness this term test printed in green ink by R. O'HUMMEL. Also it seems that tests are harder in green. Rumors concerning a plot to remove the top two layers of the SAC dome are being investigated at this very moment. But all this is in the past, our urgent concern is with the future of our great institution, the Toike.

Certainly someone of profound influence must be involved. We think the culprit can be found by identifying the submitter of the green joke on page 1 of the 2 pages of jokes.

And after seeing the pitiful collection of letters in the March 4 Toike, we would not be surprised to see GODIVA'S BOX turning green with mold.

Yours truly

Missen's Maruders
P.S. Bruce says a pink Toike would be nice

ENG SCI LEMMA

After a year of Engineering Science and being totally clued out in the math courses of Barbeau, Honson and a certain prof who seems to be loose in the head, I have come to the fundamental theorem of Engineering.

I plan to show, by a rigorous mathematical proof, a very basic concept concerning Engineering Science (actually it is intuitively obvious).

We first take N, the set of all real differentiable but continuous fools in our number system and intersect it with the set of all true turkeys (S), born in the year Y where $1950 \leq Y \leq 1960$: Y = 1 and I is the set of imaginary numbers. Giving us N's.

Now take N again but intersect it with the set X where X is all those truly interested in nothing, and X ⊂ Z, the set of all unreal beings.

Taking the union of the two, we get (NAX) U(NnS), and factoring

out the N, replacing it with Ψ, the universal fudge factor and using the commutative property of NnS, we have

Clearly NΨ(SUX)

The Phantom Parrot

variety.

WHERE ARE THE EDITORS
— WE WANT THEIR NAMES,
WE WANT THEIR HEADS, WE
WANT THEIR HANDS!

TIMBERS!

P.S.: "It's industrial murder" —
CUTE!

P.S.S.: We have contacted the SPCA (Society for Prevention of Cruel Armadillos), regarding the drowning of the Molson Armadillo.

Dear running dog lackeys of the capitalist thought control propaganda machine, i.e. Eric Hartwell & Heidi Breslauer (jeezuz that's hard to spell),

Enclosed please find a strange but nevertheless functional article concerning the dubious psychological stability of the writers and philosophers whose work forms the basis for the thinking of 20th century western society. It is intended to increase the average engineer's awareness of the literary thinking which serves as a framework for our

contemporary perspectives on reality, and we hope that you will find it suitable for publication in your fine, intelligently satirical periodical (choke on own laughter).

Handshake, handshake
The insignificant, but more or less immortal Magnolia Lakluster

Dear Mr. Oike:

Thank you for replying to our recent Stimula® trial offer advertisement. We appreciate your interest in our new, modern line of condoms, Stimula Conture,© and Prime ©

We have enclosed a Stimula sample and our booklet "Let's Be Practical About The Condom". We trust you will be pleased with these, and purchase Stimula, Conture, or Prime at your drugstore.

We, as a company, are continually searching for ways to improve our products to benefit you, the user. To do this we regularly ask for users opinions and have enclosed a questionnaire

which we hope you will fill out and return to us (your name and address are not required). In anticipation and appreciation of your response we enclose a package of another of our new products, Conture.

We look forward to your continued use of our products.

Yours truly R.W. Turner
Product Manager

To the Editor of TOIKE,

I am writing to complain. You say that 800 to 1200 of your papers, which are delivered to Erindale, is not a trifle. I say it is! TOIKE is gone within an hour after it arrives here!! Have you no compassion?? There are 3000 humor starved students at this campus! Eight hundred papers does not take care of demand! In fact I missed the last issue! Get your ass in gear and deliver more papers!! (at least 2000)

Yours truly,
One of over 3000
humor starved students
at Erindale.

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Any path which narrows future possibilities may become a lethal trap. Humans are not threading their way through a maze; they scan a vast horizon filled with unique opportunities. The narrowing viewpoint of the maze should appeal only to creatures with their noses buried in sand. Sexually produced uniqueness and differences are the life-protection of the species.

-The Spacing Guild Handbook



ISSUE NUMBER 9

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1976

CIRCULATION 15,000

CANCER LINKED WITH LIVING

An Interview by Gord McConachie and Rob Yates

TRAWNA (TOP) In a report released recently by Dr. Horatio Q. Birdbath of the Wurst Institute of the University of Trawna, it was revealed that another widespread cause of cancer has been discovered. After research involving 5200 cases of cancer entering the TGH, he has conclusively shown that all victims at the time of affliction were living. Going on this hypothesis, Dr. Birdbath over the last five years, working with numerous laboratory rats (equal sample space of both living and dead) noticed that of all the living rats, 3% contracted cancer. Conversely, there were no cases of cancer reported among the dead population. Indeed, the non-living rats did not even complain of such common ailments as syphilis, post-nasal drip, tail-itch, piles or the common cold, let alone appendicitis, mononucleosis or taxes. In fact they were rather healthy, despite their small appetites and very offensive body odour.

In this, Dr. Birdbath's final and most conclusive experiment, has concluded decisively that cancer is linked with living.

Dr. Birdbath was interviewed last week in the fourth stall of the men's washroom at the Wurst Institute and when queried on possible cures for living-caused cancer he replied, (flushing the toilet) "Yes well obviously of course you see the easiest and most certain cure we have found to date is of course death. In fact, the medical profession is quickly realizing that death is a reliable

cure for most of our common diseases, and even some thought previously incurable. In the case of life-cancer, however, death has been found to be the only reliable cure."

Dr. Birdbath was then asked if the Ontario Government's recent statement from Trawna yesterday, said that health care funding for life-cancer will not increase. Frank Miller, the Minister of Health stated that the medical profession should not worry so much about financing the cure for life-cancer, but should concentrate on removing the cause from society. He suggested that steps be taken to prevent living. His anti-life campaign started today, when all life was removed from supermarket shelves in Owen Sound. Of course, this is not expected to result in a significant change, as there are relatively few living people in the area anyway. Reliable sources at Queen's Park indicated that Mr. Miller's next target is Willowdale. The government plans eventually through cutbacks and wage controls to virtually make life impossible in Ontario.

cure."

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Stumped

If you're tired of pet rocks, why not get your rocks off and try branching into something new — like pet trees.

Although trees have a seedy history, your tree can be a very devoted pet — if left alone for any substantial period of time it will pine for its master. Normally it is difficult to coax your tree into the house, but this can usually be overcome with a little prodding from a training device used in the Texas Chain Saw Massacre.

Pet trees are easily trained

since they are very intelligent, especially in maths and sciences. For instance, it was an apple tree that discovered gravity, and many branches of math are named after their creators: such as geometree and trigonometree. Furthermore, trees are a peaceful breed, and so are readily accepted in the neighbourhood.

Dogs are especially friendly to trees, who are much more exciting than fire hydrants.

Unfortunately, not everyone is friendly to these pets. We're sad to

report that each year, thousands of trees are senselessly slaughtered in the baby sapling hunt on the east coast. The Greenpeace Foundation, a subsidiary of Toike Oak, Inc. of Trawna, Ontario, is attempting to save them from Norwegian sapling hunters by spraying their fir coats with green dye.

Pet trees are particularly well cut out for jobs as watch trees — they can readily be taught to bark.

Trees, like their masters, can get lonely though — they're not happy sitting around like pet rocks. When a tree of the opposite sex is not around, male trees sometimes resort to lumberjacking. Lonely trees must be prevented from wandering off. One way to accomplish this is to chain your pet tree to a dog.

However, if you've really mistreated your tree, it may snap the chain and run away. This sometimes has drastic results. Waylaid, suicidal and depressed pet trees, using some form of perverted logic involving tree diagrams, have been known to stand at the side of busy roads just waiting for a drunken driver to jump in front of.

Well adjusted trees are predictable. Typically trees find jobs as surgeons, live in Willowdale or Long Branch, are interested in horse racing (where do you think Greenwood Raceway got its name) and enjoy moving to a dance they've popularized — the limerick.

Although trees have been around for a long time, they've managed to control their numbers, using a well-known birth control method called logarhythms.

Undoubtedly your pet rock will consider your purchase of a pet tree to be an act of treason. But let's not beat around the bush — who cares, he's probably stoned half the time anyway.

Thanks to some true nature lovers: Larry, Ran, Terry and Veronica for their contribution to this insanity.

Balls

A recent Varsity column dealt with the purported rational behind the sport of pinballing. Due, doubtless, to the fact that only inferior players of the Innis and St. Mike's machines were polled, it is perhaps understandable that the article was a mere hash of half-facts, slurs and innuendos. Had the loyal followers of the Annex's machine been consulted, such blatant errors as the confusion of the palooka's lazerus with the fine art of the wizard's sunshine, would not have seen print.

It is these amateur dabblings in the field that have kept researchers in the field from achieving their rightful fame, and it is the intent of this essay to correct some few of these misconceptions. Pinball was long thought to be descended from the medieval engineer and his art of caroming cannonballs off of convenient walls in order to inflict extra mayhem on the opposition, but Fitzroy, in his monumental, "Incidence of the Tse-Tse Fly on the Upper Liffy", has proven convincingly that the custom originates in the old Irish custom of throwing bombs in pubs and buses, (the word tilt being derived from the Celtic "Thaelt", a short fuse).

The modern game has outgrown its more recent association with the unlawful elements of the American prohibition era, and we will kill anyone found disagreeing.

A mixture of skill and luck, except when John the Greek is playing, when it is a mixture of the slime and the ridiculous, it provides entertainment for all, especially when the owner is trying to figure out the latest method of ripping off the machine. (Come around tomorrow, he still hasn't clued the most recent.) So much for the psychology of Skinner — he's a facist anyway. Ours is more communistic.

Skule Cannon Desecrated

On the 18th of March 1976 at the Engineering Society Executive meeting, a letter was delivered addressed to the Soc. from Mr. John Vanneste concerning our Society's symbol of pride and unity — the Skule cannon (Scite et Streue). That letter was read at the meeting and is reproduced in this issue of the Toike for your information. A motion of censure against Mr. Bob Gilmour was decided upon for his actions (or lack of) with regards to the care of the Cannon. That motion reads, "That we censure Robert Gilmour for defacing the cannon while in the position of Chief Attillator." This was passed by the executive, unanimously. A second motion was put on the floor and passed, "That we bring to the attention of the undergraduate engineering students, the manner in which the cannon was defaced, by the publication of excerpts from John Vanneste's letter and executive motion of censure in the Toike."

These motions cannot adequately express the shock, dismay, and grief felt by each and every member of the executive in attendance. This matter will be brought up again at the next Engineering Society Council Meeting on Wed. April 7, 1976, and all those students similarly displeased are invited to show up (GB202) to visibly express their emotions.

The Engineering Society at the University of Toronto.

Members of the Executive and the Council.

The Grad Ball usually signifies the end of the term of office for the Skule Cannoner. It is at this grand occasion that he officially fires the Cannon for the last time. To my knowledge, no Cannoner prior to this date has ever failed to perform his "last rites". Regrettably, this failure was most apparent last Saturday.

Earlier last week, I was informed that the Cannoner, Mr. Bob Gilmour, did not wish to fire the Cannon at the Grad Ball — his Grad Ball. I realize that the responsibilities of the position could upset such an evening, having been in that position myself. Then again, this is not nearly reason enough to cause one to avoid performing his duty. The Skule Cannon symbolizes what Engineering at U of T is, what it has been and hopefully what it will be. I can only feel that Mr. Gilmour is totally ignorant of what the Spirit of Skule has meant to those who have graduated before, and particularly to myself. Any other Cannoner with whom I am acquainted would have executed his duty with honour and even more proudly so at his own Graduation Ball.

Naturally, I was amazed when ex-president Steve Swigger telephoned early last week and asked that I take Mr. Gilmour's place.

Mr. Gilmour had suggested that Steve fire the Cannon, without any training as to the care and operation of it. I thus accepted Mr. Swigger's invitation. He agreed to retrieve the Cannon, while I would gather a Guard. Normally, all that is required is loading and priming of the Cannon.

Two days later, Mr. Swigger had taken possession of the Cannon and informed me that the chromed chains were slightly rusty. This was to be expected as the chrome tends to chip with use. We expected the clean-up would be relatively minor.

On Saturday afternoon, we met to perform the clean-up operation and to load the Cannon. Mr. Miller, a member of the Guard for the evening, and a former



Damaged cannon after cleaning

Cannoner was also present. I was shocked when I opened the case and learned the true nature of the state of the Cannon. The barrel, rather than being shiny and brass yellow, was transmuted with powder burns of black and also showed the green colour of copper corrosion. The locks were rusted shut and the chains were more than just "slightly" rusty. We realized we had a tough job ahead of us to make the Cannon serviceable and presentable.

While I proceeded to oil and work the locks, Mr. Swigger began to clean the chains, and Mr. Miller went out to purchase gun cleaning solvent, and brass and chrome cleaner. Eventually, it took the three of us 4½ hours to complete the cleaning. The locks alone required two hours of oiling and cleaning to get them to function properly.

After opening the locks and leaving them to absorb oil, I turned my attention to the Cannon itself. I removed the barrel from the base for easier cleaning and polishing. To my horror, I discovered that Mr. Gilmour had carved his name in the bottom of the barrel. I was furious and I know that I threatened to do a number of things to Mr. Gilmour. For Centennial Year, in 1973, I had designed the Cannon with Don Buchan. While Don worked on the base, I drew the machine drawings for the barrel which was machined in the Civil Machine Shop. Neither Don nor myself had been so presumptuous to think

ourselves worthy to have our names engrained and yet that SOB had the audacity to defile the Cannon in so permanent a fashion. I can only reinforce my feelings concerning Mr. Gilmour's ignorance about Skule and Skule spirit. No matter how worthy a person may be during his stay at Skule, none deserve to be honoured in such a manner. It suggests that those objects which belong to Skule have somehow become personal property. If a Skuleman shows he is deserving of recognition, let the Society present him with a suitable award which can be taken with him. No one Skuleman is permanent enough to be recognized in the manner which Mr. Gilmour seeks.

I also find it astonishing that Mr. Gilmour being a student of Mechanical Engineering would not recognize the effects of excess moisture on steel and brass. I would hope that he has at least learned that when equipment not in use and left facing the elements, would eventually cease to function because of rust and corrosion. Hopefully, this negligence was unintentional, but it would have been so simple to move the Cannon from the garage to a drier place. At least he managed to do that with the powder.

As to the auxiliary equipment, half the tools were missing or broken and a number of the hard hats had broken suspension adjustments. I do not know whether this state of affairs is directly attributed to Mr.

Gilmour, but he certainly could have remedied the situation.

To further apprise you of my feelings, in my anger, I had considered declaring foul publicly at the Grad Ball. Fortunately for those in attendance, my sense of propriety won out. Fortunately for Mr. Gilmour, his countenance is unfamiliar to me, otherwise I probably would have decked him had I met him at the Ball.

Please note that I am not the only person who feels upset at this. Mr. Swigger will also attest to the above, as will Mr. Miller and Mr. Fletcher.

I should also like to respectfully suggest that if the Executive and Council feel that a wrong had been committed against the Society by these actions, that the Cannon Guard wear black hard hats for the period of one academic year to visibly show its displeasure.

Respectfully

"John Vanneste"

President Class of 7T3
Skule Cannoner '71-'73
Producer Skule Nite '7T3

The LGMB On Ethyl The Frog

A reign of terror was ended last week as co-leaders of the notorious Lady Godiva Memorial Band were arrested and brought to trial for crimes of violence. This ended a three day siege of the helpless bastion of Trawna.

John and Jim Burloach were born on probation in the luxurious suite of a famous downtown hotel (The Royal York) on Saturday March 13th. Immediately after disentwining from each others umbilical cords they formed a band which they called the Bnad. With this Bnad they threatened to beat off, or beat up, any graduating student if they paid them the so-called protection money. For John and Jim this turned out to be the turning point in their lives (well, if you had just been born, it would be a turningpoint in your life too!).

Carefully organizing and disciplining their motley crew of which only one was dressed for the occasion (and one wasn't dressed at all), they began their first assault. Hundreds of bodies were laid to rest (such a waste of human life) as the Bnad completed its tour de force (or is it tour de farce or for de toros?). But the tortoise won after all and the Royal York was still smoldering the next day.

Meanwhile, speaking of next day (Sunday) only a trail of obliteration remained between the Royal York and the Varsity Ice Arena (not unlike the Bung that ate Miss Uri). The Bnad had heard that the Guelph Gryphons and all their adoring pigs, swines, hogs, cows, pork bellies, livestock and manure had somehow slopped their way into town for the NATIONAL INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY FINAL as covered by Ici, Radio Canada (CBC, you twit!, your type really makes me puke). The rest is history, as the Bnad led the Blues on and on and on and on to VICTORY (ruhnke, ruhnke, ruhnke, ...). Shameful and dejected the Guelph fans headed back to their ark to take them home knowing deep down in their black animal hearts that THE best team had prevailed. The Dinosaurs (AWROOOOOO) must draw an honourable mention.

The third day of the Bnad whirlwind proved to be the straw that broke the back of Eric the 'alpha-beet' (singing one, two, three). It was the occasion of the second annual Ides of March Parade up and down Yonge St., Trawna. John and Jim Burloach became embroiled in a bitter sarcastic debate over which Boby Rub Palace to enter and ransack (not to mention rape, but then again it couldn't really be considered rape). The Bnad, in the meantime, became disoriented and impatient and set about burning and looting Eaton's College St. store, but when they began to harangue the gays at St. Charles, the elite of 52nd division decided it was time to move in and save society from this "disoriented and impatient" mob. After the ensuing trial and passing of Judgement, the Bnad was shot at sunrise. John and Jim Burloach, however, escaped and are wanted in thirteen countries by the F.B.I., C.I.A., O.P.P., R.C.M.P., M.I-5, F.D.S., M.I.C.K.E.Y., Dick Tracy, and a bunch of little Indian broads looking for some poota-keena.

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Grad Ball 7T6



The following is the text of the Toast proposed by Professor Emeritus L. E. Jones at GRAD BALL 7T6 held on March 13, 1976. Steve Selk, Fourth Year Chairman was Master of Ceremonies and the Reply was given by Marta Feszedi unquergood Engineering Society President.

TOAST TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

Dear Ceremonial Master Steve
I am I in consequence, claim reprove
From ritual's proper demonstration
So thus I greet this congegation

Dear Sir in Chair and Madame Chancellor there
The Engineering Society President
And all Lee Autres in their class
In shipshape fashion. Say "Ahoi!"
And now commence, with versatile persuasion,
My task upon this Graduation Occasion

Though they may have pending materials, elbow-wise.
The sober-sided Civils might well surprise
That streams should be free from flooding and traffic jam
So portico docks really, they do not give a damn!
Concrete suggestions are given with optic gleam
To show that Civils are always on the beam!

Hard hat, hard shoes are the needed safe requirement
And for a stern reminder, a foundation garment!

With instruments and bars, and notes and feed on ground
We hear rock music that is fundamentally sound
With striking dip-lomatic Geologic hinge favorite

For purity, no stripping and no negligence
Nor for the jokers to undermine their dark soil

Protected by Precautionary Sirens they deem it best
And always assist, to have their minerals dressed'

As is natural, a prima, the Mechanical Engineer
Will inform us, pitch his engine and gear
But he has a burning passion, this engineering will lighter
To operate with machines still a patented point
He's interested in form and feature and classical below our
Old a body determinate particularly if the vibes are wavier
He studies fluid assets, steampipes also glaciars
And will shortly be consulted Hell to accommodate the professors

For stimulating simulating, a model creature's wanted.
An industrious dweller with an atmosphere undaunted
This optimizing miser is a patient human factor
Who, knowing all the angles, will never be prostrator—
Thus saving time with PERT but apt denigrator
Preparing dynamic balances by making budgets leaner
To banish strife and variance, to avoid all mean endeavour
Will in all probability, the smartest programme ever!

The varied Engineering Sciences
Like famous Posts & Tower, has a test,
With hydrodynamics chooses seventh path
Whilist art as not recalled in after math

Plane sailing permits an Aero-minded chap or chaplet
To set alight a satellite, mayhap, for maplet
The Chemie gummicks mimic phenetic kinetics
To the science of aesthetic energetics
With algorithms, codes and methods reckon-dite
The Numbers Men, take up the system but by bvi:
But what can hero do if he's alberic!
To operations surgical, Metallurgical!

Or Physic (Plan or Goo) he must take a portion
Having tension thus by studying of torsion

Assume that he's a magnet, might doubtless be
Restraining far too much his magnetic force

So Nucleo-headed Thermals, grain and more

Should, in fusion, not con fusion, the heat turn on!

Concerning this re-current theme, I am tickle!

We'd like a flood instead of just an Electrikkle!

In any kind of weather, the hardy Alchemists

With their secretions, unswayed, by using catalysts

These volatile reactions, they quickly find a harker

In answer to the query, "Does Polonium ever kill a ker?"

Such torrid third can ponderers are batatons-supper

Their stalk-in-trade, designing new plants as by dream!

Tsk! Tsk! They delight in syntheses but I mustn't be drastic or sarcastic

For enthusiastic, they produce mastur' and fantasmic elastic plastic!

The Electricals are somewhat contradictions, I figure

So a catalogue of virtues is a project rather than a

They produce less heat with "Simple fire" - they do field-work in the lab

They replace a megaphone with interphone to gain, contab

They'd rather switch than light 'cos they often get excited,

And when illumination's strongest, then they're usually de-lighted!

These armature professionals may encompass polarized views,

They say yes, inverted-breakers for they'd rather not re-use!

The Materialistic Scientists keep in splendid trim and fettle

For, challenge-wise, full often are they put upon their mettle

What vault statistics can this muster, what menu excuse me' persons' inspired?

For a chestnut-eating, a salsify, a radish has much merit

And aqua pure in solid states consumed in proper proportion

Gold button, Pinson distribution, and grams with proper bound rays

And it's testing about for something hot, they pucker to the boundaries!

This cult-worshippers of gradients may seem different be

But we view, they have ten times such lady and gent be!

But we believe us a group of peers and quite a few peersress

For these are all Toronto Engineers, all art some weird dresses!

So, all the rest, in our ceremonial initiation

May we salute this Class, upon this Eve of Graduation!

May we raise up your crystal shell

And let us, with tipsy bletsing, fondly wish them well!

The Graduating Class



THE GRADUATING CLASS



While studying a sentence comparative,
A student named Moe was declarative,
With a case of beer,
the words became clear,
Another Blue was imperative.



Labatt's Blue smiles along with you

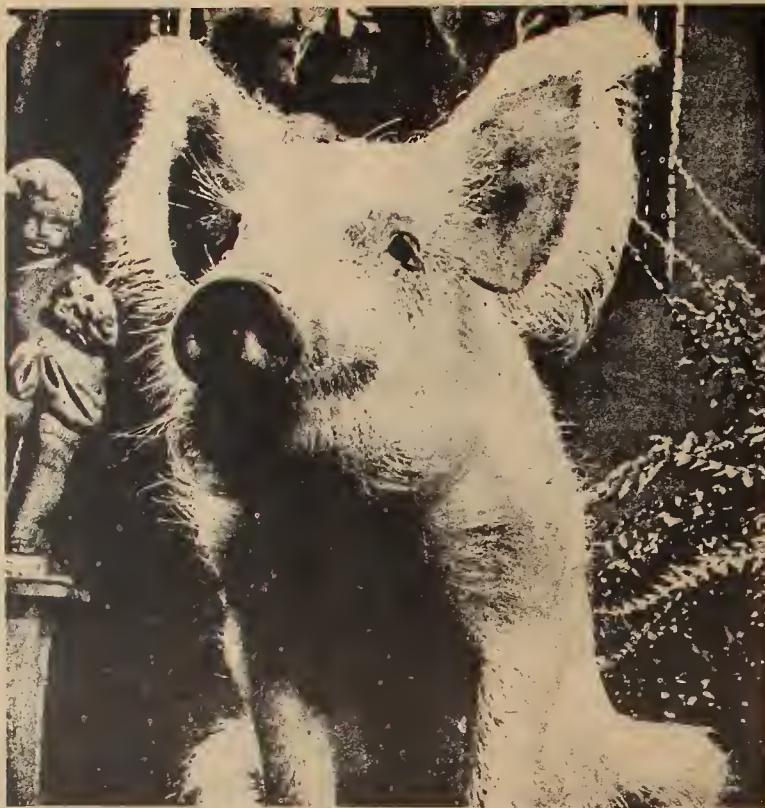


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Anyone interested come to the "Stores" on Friday, March 26th at 5 p.m.

Class reps will be chosen within departments.



Twelve Basic Precepts of Science

1. Murphy's Law — if anything can go wrong — it will.
2. Paine's Theorem — If the experiment works, you must be using the wrong equipment.
3. Skinner's Constant* — That quantity which, when multiplied times, divided by, added to, or extracted from the answer you got ... gives you the answer *also known as Finnegan's Fingaling Factor.
4. Horner's Five-Thumb Postulate — Experience varies directly with equipment ruined.
5. Flafle's Law of the Perversity of Inanimate Objects — Any inanimate object, regardless of its composition or configuration, may be expected to perform — at any time — in a totally unexpected manner for reasons that are either entirely obscure or else completely mysterious.
6. Allen's Axiom — When all else fails, read the instructions.
7. The Spare Parts Principle — The accessibility, during recovery, of small parts which fall from the work bench, varies directly with the size of the part ... and inversely with its importance to the completion of the work underway.
8. The Compensation Corollary — The experiment may be considered a success if no more than 50% of the observed measurements must be discarded to obtain a correspondence with theory.
9. Gompson's Law — The probability of a given event occurring is inversely proportional to its desirability.
10. The Ordering Principle — Those supplies necessary for yesterday's experiment must be ordered no later than tomorrow noon.
11. The Ultimate Principle — By definition, when you are investigating the unknown — you do not know what you will find.
12. The Futility Factor — No experiment is ever a complete failure — it can always serve as a bad example.

Use of Magic on Exams

For the past few years there has been much controversy over the use of magic on exams. Strong arguments have been presented by the students in favour of its use, the most compelling of which is that profs themselves use magic. Much evidence of this is available, such as the numerous grad students who have become demonstrators and subsequently turned into toads. No doubt most of us are also familiar with the methods used by profs for proving theorems on the board.

Convinced these arguments the Hexecutive Committee has been studying the possibilities with the Faculty Coven, and some recommendations have been made. Since the price of reasonably useful wands has been dropping due to Transylvanian imports, they are easily within the reach of most student budgets, however some restrictions must be made. These

are that the wands must be self powered, non-mechanical, pocket sized, and should operate with a minimum of smoke and flashes so as to reduce danger and disturbance to others. Some protection will have to be provided to ensure that wands will not cause hazards for profs in the event of failure. Also, use of spirits (evil, liquid, or otherwise) must be reserved for apres exams.

In accordance with the guidelines, the Eng. Stores will be stocking the reliable Hocus Pocus line of wands at bargain basement prices. The least expensive model, HP 2, with two functions is capable of erasing an offensive test question, or alternatively changing it to something you know. Being an eight digit wand it is suitable for one hand operation by people with at least 16 fingers. Other features include levitating

decimal, rechargeable spells and attractive carrying case. Also available in kit from as HP 2K, but requires 6V lantern battery and 2½" 8 ohm speaker.

The next in the line, the HP 3 wand, is a scientific model, and hence does absolutely nothing.

The most advanced model is the HP 77 and features all the latest innovations including Reverse Salem Notation, adjustable curser, unnatural logs and antilogs, any powers, and hex output. Powered by various exotic roots, such as square or cube, or available with adapters for D.C. (direct curse) or A.C. (alternating curse, womens model). Low low price is ½ of your soul.

Soon to be available is a wand capable of turning you into a grad student in case of emergency (calculus exam), or into a junior high school kid in case of INN 250.

-Ham, Ham and Ridlat Enterprises International

What is an Engineer?

He has a worm that he thinks is a snake.
The apple of his eye is a little peach with the prettiest pair.
He knows that love is blind and he proves it by feeling his way around.

He knows a great deal about women — mostly what he's been able to pickup.

His favourite song is "I'll be seizing you in all the familiar places."
They call him the "Dry Cleaner" — he works fast and leaves no ring.

His friends don't know what to give him for Christmas. What do you give a guy who's had everybody?

He's very superstitious. In a fight he always keeps a horseshoe in his glove.

He never puts off till tomorrow what he can put over today.
He's the type who'll sell himself to the highest bidder.
He's just a little boy, after all he can get.
He has his doctor worried — he has too little blood in his alcohol system.

Once he went to a party incognito — stone sober.
An orthopedist is immobilizing his elbow. It's gotten to the point that every time he bends it, his mouth snaps open.

At a party he never plays spin-the-bottle. He won't let it go of it.
Once in the hospital he kept asking for water and everyone knew without a doubt that he was delirious.

It takes him two hours to tell you that he's a man of few words.
At the first sign of trouble he thinks with his legs.
He wouldn't say boo to a goose, but he wouldn't say no either.
An intelligent thought dies quickly in his head — it can't stand the confinement.

He was in a fight once, and was knocked conscious.
When he was promoted from the fifth to the sixth grade he was so thrilled he could hardly shave without cutting himself.
He's at work on an invention — colour radio.
He bought a topless bathing suit for his half sister.
He keeps his baby sister in a high crib on an uncarpeted floor so he can hear her if she falls out.
He's the type who always wants to put his banana in some poor girls' fruit basket.

WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?



Yearbooks

WILL BE OUT
APRIL 7

FREE

see your class rep

TEAM TOIKE STRIKES *



Eng Lit for Engineers

Upon the perusal of the nearest "Norton's Anthology of Everyone Who's Anyone In English Literature", it soon becomes evident that every modern author worthy of any note was emotionally unstable and the product of numerous tailor-made neuroses. Where, the reader asks, would Ernest Hemingway be today had he not placed the live end of his hunting rifle in his mouth and pulled the trigger, thereby wallpapering his bedroom with one of the finest literary minds Europe had ever witnessed? Alive, yes. But happy?

On further investigation it becomes apparent that every single literary tour de force from 1900 onwards was the result of either a deprived childhood or tiny chemical imbalances in the author's brain. What famous English authoress has not, at one time or another in her career, filled her pockets full of bricks and taken a short walk into the deep end of a river?

There are those who are worried by the fact that the creative thinking which molds our society today is the product of a bunch of neurotics, but there is none so concerned as was Ernest Gallopin, the man who layed the foundations for Neo-Gothic Existentialism and who was, himself, quite mad. The brother of Fredrico Gallopin, the pretender to the Hawlian Throne, Ernest, until the day of his death, failed to understand that while throat lozenges were great for colds and flu, they did absolutely nothing for throat cancer. Despite this handicap Ernest was a prodigious writer and, although not widely read, his own words "Holy shit! I've shot my cock off!" will live forever.

The Toike has asked an acknowledged expert in the field for informed comment:

A STUDY GUIDE TO ENG295S FOR ENGINEERS

by PROF Greg Fitz

Some of the earliest American plays were tragedies, as even the authors were forced to admit when they closed down after a short run. The first comedy, however, was the CON-TRAST, written in 1787 by Royal Tyler. One amusing incident in it is when Jonathan, a hayseed servant, goes to a play without knowing it is a play, and when the curtain goes up he is looking into the house next door. Since this was long before the invention of the picture window, it was a rare treat for Peeping Jon.

The country's first professional dramatist was William Dunlap, and his discovery that a living could be made out of writing plays had a profound influence on the course of American Drama. More people took up writing drama as a way of making a living and starved to death. Dunlap's first play was THE FATHER, later revised and retitled THE FATHER OF AN ONLY CHILD when it looked as if the title character, a loudmouth named Mr. Racket, would have

OH SCOTT, I'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR YOU



YES, DEAN
ETRIN, WHAT
CAN I DO FOR
YOU SIR?

no more children. In all, Dunlap wrote 29 plays, not all of them about fathers. Many have not survived, but then neither has Dunlap, who died in 1839.

About the time the horizon was widening, the frontier was expanding. America was on the move and Americans had to be quick about it, or they would be left behind as the rivers and mountains rushed past them. One of the writers most interested in the frontier was James Fenimore Cooper. Cooper's novels of the frontier are full of Indians of many tribes, such as Hurons (Bad Indians) and Delawares (Good Indians), Savages and Noble Savages. Anyone who has read THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS will never forget Chingachgook (no relation to Gobbledegook) and his son Uncas, or the way people were always being aroused to danger by the breaking of a twig. Time and again Cooper proved himself a master at depicting the vanishing Indian—one moment in clear view and the next before you could draw a bead on him, out of sight in the bushes.

Herman Melville made Americans conscious of the South Pacific. His first experience with the sea came as a young man of twenty, when he shipped before the mast to England. The mast arrived a week later. Melville's great work is, of course, Moby Dick, about a mad captain and his search for the great white whale that had carried off his leg. Though Captain Ahab could never hope to get his leg back intact, and would have no use for it, except maybe to hang over the mantel, he pursued Moby Dick relentlessly. Moby Dick is thought by some to represent Evil, and when the whale finally overcomes his pursuer, Captain Ahab, the reader can let out a sigh of relief, knowing that once more Evil has triumphed.

Mark Twain grew up in what is called the Huckleberry Finn House in Hannibal, Missouri, not to be confused with the Mickey Finn House, a bar in downtown Hannibal. Books by Mark Twain include Tom Sawyer, in which Huckleberry Finn is a character, and Huckleberry Finn, in which Tom Sawyer is a character. Huck, who was always sneaking off to smoke in the woods or go fishing, never stayed in school long enough to learn grammar. By proving how well he could get along without schooling, he set American education back fifty years.

O'Henry is probably the only American writer named after a candy bar. Actually O'Henry was his pen name, thought up while he was in the pen, serving a term for embezzlement. The O stands for nothing, or zero, and probably reflected O'Henry's estimate of his chances for literary success as he started that three year stretch behind the bars. (These were not chocolate bars, else O'Henry might have eaten his way out.) O'Henry stories are known for their sudden surprise endings. His own ending came quickly in 1910,

at the age of forty-eight, but it was no surprise to those who knew how much he drank.

In my preoccupation with the novel, I have neglected poetry. But then, so has everyone else. Has poetry been dead since 1882? (No, but Longfellow has.) Are there no new poets, no new poetic farms? (The word should be farms, but it came out farms, and I rather liked it that way.) As a matter of fact, there was such an upsurge of poetry in the second decade of the present century that by 1910 there were more poets than readers of poetry. The Government not as yet having discovered the means of poetry control whereby poets would be paid so much for each poem they agreed not to write.

American literature continues with such writers as John Steinbeck (no relation to the grocery chain), Norman Mailer, Truman Capote and Joseph Salinger. Its subject matter can best be summed up by the title of one of Mailer's novels, The Naked and the Dead, (no, its not about the members of a nudist colony having a picnic in a cemetery).

In conclusion, I leave you with a number of interesting questions. For instance, why did Lincoln write his Gettysburg Address on the back of an envelope? Was Henry James really the brother of Jesse? Most inexplicable of all... why did you take this course?!

Jabber Babble

So this is it. Heartwell J. Ehrlie's last blaze of infamy. Toike Oike goes out on a wink and a prayer. What a target. Who would've guessed? (Well I would've, but then, I peaked).

ENGINEERDS????? in Jabberwalk?

Well, yes.

No, not the ones that you are, but rather the ones that the esteemed leaders of your honoured profession would have you become. PROFESSIONAL Engineers.

This is for innocent (both morally and legally) undergrads only. All a lumni please tune out now. After all, Speachucker's new image precludes being nasty.

All right boys and girls of Skule 776, your time is at hand. You proceed fearfully into a hostile society, clutching your magic ring and praying for guidance.

Unfortunately you'll get some. From the aforementioned engineering non-leadership. Oh, you'll never know that you're being steered, for seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

Yes we have no bananas.

The easy thing, of course, is to follow in the lateral footsteps of those prematurely-doddering old men who preceded you from these hallowed halls. But I pray that before you grow too old, you will examine the engineering profession in Canada for what it is. And I pray that you will say "No!"

For what do engineers do for a living anyway? They are the technological executors for their

local corporate gods. They wield the power yet concurrently, in the name of professional responsibility, refuse to direct it. They turn the machine with delighted precision in their frenzied race to the truly blinded ranks of middle management. And senility.

Look at our society and wonder why, of all the professions, engineers rate the least respect. And realize that they have never earned any. Clutching their beer-stained parchment, they shun any real effort at professional development. Mouthing their Nuremberg morals, they ignore all conscience. Eager they are to work for the betterment of their own society, predicated of course upon the prompt payment of a \$30 per hour consultation fee. Through all of these trials and tribulations, they cling to the rock of professional complacency. Wonder why this Canadian nation, with a technological intensity perhaps unequalled in the world, continues to be shallow in all of its endeavour. There is no excuse save lack of effort. Who, oh WHO will chauvinistically insist on being the best, the first, the foremost? Clearly your forebears will not.

Amongst the ranks of this corporate porridge goest thou. Godiva be with you. Class of 7T6, learn your trade, and learn yourself. Be the best for yourself, and for all of us. Great honour is yours if you can hold it. Be a new and different breed. Be a true Engineer.

There you go, Eng. Store Pundits, Chuck hurls another Spear. I wonder who's catching.

Engineering Science Entrance Exam

Instructions

Read each question carefully. Answer all questions. Time limit: 4 hours. Begin immediately.

Orchestrade and perform it with flute and drum. You will find a piano under your seat.

Psychology

Based on your knowledge of their works evaluate the emotional stability, degree of adjustment, and repressed frustrations of each of the following. Alexander of Aphrodites, Ramses II, Gregory of Nicia, Hammurabi. Support your evaluation with quotations from each man's work, making appropriate references. It is not necessary to translate.

Medicine

Sociology

Estimate the sociological problems which might accompany the end of the world. Construct an experiment to test your theory.

Engineering

The disassembled parts of a high-powered rifle have been placed on your desk. You will also find an instruction manual, printed in Swahili. In ten minutes a hungry Bengal tiger will be admitted to the room. Take whatever action you feel appropriate. Be prepared to justify your decision.

Economics

Develop a realistic plan for refinancing the national debt. Trace the possible effects of your plan in the following areas.

Cubism, the Donatist controversy, the wave theory of light. Outline a method for preventing these effects. Criticize this method from all possible points of view. Point out the deficiencies in your point of view, as demonstrated in your answer to the last question.

Political Science

There is a red telephone on the desk beside you. Start World War III. Report at length on its socio-political effects if any.

Epistemology

Take a position for or against truth. Prove the validity of your position.

Physics

Explain the nature of matter. Include in your answer an evaluation of the impact of the development of mathematics on science.

Philosophy

Sketch the development of human thought and estimate its significance. Compare with the development of any other kind of thought.

Astronomy

Define the universe. Give three examples.

General Knowledge

Describe in detail. Be objective and specific.

WELL, SCOTT, THERE'S A NEW CO-ED
HERE WHO THE GUYS SEEM TO BE
HAVING DIFFICULTY TALKING TO I
WONDER IF YOU WOULD GO EAT LUNCH
WITH HER AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET
THROUGH TO HER. AH, HERE SHE IS
NOW.

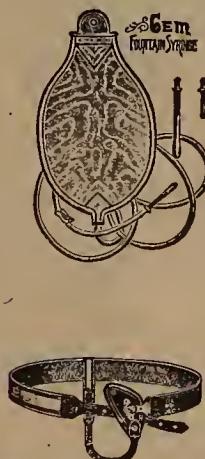


GOOD LUCK
CHAMP...



\$ Engineering Stores JUNE Sale \$

Special Low Prices On An Incredible Variety Of Goods At The Stores In The Engineering Annex (Second Floor.)



Fern (furn) n. A flowerless seedless plant with broad or feathery fronds or leaves, and reproducing by means of spores.
-like adj.

Fernery (fûr'nerî) n. A place where ferns are cultivated.

ferocious (fôr'ëshus) adj. Fierce, savage.



Ferns.

6" plastic ruler	\$.15
wooden pencils	.12
Staedtler pens	.10
med	.15
fine	.15
coloured pencil set	1.25
set of 12	1.25
set of 24	2.50
Superbow compass	6.00
Superbow drafting set	20.00
Drafting set	10.00

Limited Quantities	
Calculator PC-4044	Interton Electronic with a adapter and case
Commodore	35.00
Commodore	No. SR4148R 60.00
3 hole paper punch	No. SR7919D 20.00
lead sharpeners	1.40
letraset	No. S13-85 .75
small lecture notebooks	.50
circle template	.10
ellipse template	1.10
steam tables	3.00
set squares	.50
45°	.95
30/60°	.95
Tung-lok covers	.18
3-ring Acco binders	1.10
Accopress covers	.50
sheet protectors	.10
surveying field books	2.45
Magic cleaning pads	1.00
lab composition books	Reg. \$1.30 1.10
Flexicurves	12" Reg. \$1.60 1.40
vinyl folio clipboard	18" Reg. \$2.40 2.20
felt markers	Reg. \$1.00 .75
individual French curves	.30
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Teka drafting board	1.75
case for drafting board	22.00
	3.00



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JOKE OF THE MONTH

JOKES & ALL THAT

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Fortune tellers don't have babies because their husbands have holloweenies and crystal balls.

Did you hear about the French soldier who kissed both his wife's cheeks before he went to the front?

Mrs. Muldoon had two pet poodles named Maxie and Mitzi. They both died on the same day and she took the bodies over to a taxidermist to have them stuffed. "Do you want them mounted?" asked the taxidermist.

"No," she said. "Holding paws will do just fine."

Just before Cinderella went out of the house, her fairy godmother warned, "Child you must be home from the ball by midnight, or your pussy will turn into a pumpkin." Cinderella nodded brightly and tripped away ... but it wasn't until three o'clock that she returned, hummed happily.

"Whatever did Prince Charming do," cried the fairy godmother, "when you're little pussy turned into a pumpkin?"

"I didn't go out with Prince Charming," smiled Cinderella. "I went out with Peter Pumpkin Eater."

The Engineer walked into the doctor's office to see the doctor. "Would you tell me your problem?" the pretty student receptionist asked. "I'll need the information for your medical record."

"It's rather embarrassing," he replied. "You see I have a very large and almost constant erection."

"Well the doctor is very busy today," she cooed, "but maybe I can squeeze you in."

"I'm beat," confessed the nurse to her friend. "Last night I didn't fall asleep until after three." "No wonder you're tired," exclaimed the other. "Twice is usually all I need."

Did you hear about the Sultan who had 10 wives? Nine of them had it soft.

"Of course not!" exclaimed the voluptuous young nurse. "I'm not that kind of girl! Also mamma said I shouldn't. Besides the grass is damp. And anyhow, ten dollars isn't enough."

The Engineer - turned insecticide salesman wanted the order so badly that he made a special proposition to the farmer. The salesman would strip, spray himself with his company's product and then spend the night lashed to a chair in the pasture. If he remained unbitten, he would obtain the order; if not, he would pay a cash forfeit. The farmer accepted, and when he untied the salesman the next morning, the latter showed no bite marks but was otherwise in a state of near exhaustion. When he had revived the salesman with some coffee, he asked what had happened. "Well the insects caused me no trouble at all," muttered the salesman, "but doesn't that calf have a mother?"

A young engineer with a Great Dane walked into a bar and after a few drinks, told the bartender his dog was so smart that it would screw any woman on command. A good-looking nurse sitting nearby said, "Hey I'd like to see him do that. Why don't you bring him over to my place and show me."

They hastily went over to her place. The girl stripped and lay down on the bed.

The engineer clicked his fingers, and told the huge dog, "Do it Rover!"

The dog still didn't move, and the owner unbuttoning his pants, said, "Okay, you dumb dog this is the last time I'm going to show you."

What comes out of ant holes? Cousins.

NOW THEN, ANY QUESTIONS?

A man vacationing at a nudist camp for the first time was surprised to see a large sign at the edge of the woods that read: BEWARE OF HOMOSEXUALS! A little ways into the woods, he came upon another sign and then another and then a whole series of them, each slightly smaller, and lower than the last, but all with the same wording: BEWARE OF HOMOSEXUALS!

Finally, he came upon a very small sign, and he had to bend way over to read it. It said: we warned you!

Did you hear about the nurse they thought had drowned until they found her under the doc?

There was a pirate named Bates
Who thought he could do it on skates
He fell on his cutlaass
And now he's nutless
And practically useless on dates.

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FILLED ELECTED

- President - Jim Picknell
- V.P. Admin - Scott Ferguson
- V.P. Activities - Joe Lstiburek
- Secretary - Rodolfo Monteforte
- Exec SAC Rep - Jim Richardson
- Exec FAC Council - Louis E. Auger
- Education Committee Chairman - Chris Emberson
- Prof. Devel. Committee Chairman - Kathy Wells
- University Committee Chairman - Vic Jusvevicius

ELECTED POSITIONS NOT FILLED

- Chairman for Social Committee
- Chairman for Women's Committee
- Chairman for Communications Committee

APPOINTED POSITIONS FILLED

- Fourth Year Chairman - Deb Waddell
- Treasurer - Anne Zielinski
- Toike Editor - Alan Flancman
- Stores Manager - Brian Cheesman
- Business Manager of Toike - Owen Kurin
- LGMB Leaders - Rob Yates, Bob Ketchen
- BFC Chief - Guy Timbers
- Cannoneer - Joe Cannon

APPOINTED POSITIONS NOT FILLED

- Year Book Editor
- Skule Nite Producer
- Managing Editor of Toike

Anyone interested in the open positions please apply at the Eng. Soc. Office.

DeeR HarD haTTs

HeAr ar Yore MISSING PAgES. We Ar
TroBle
soRRie four aNY iNtErVieW it CAUsED. ThaNK
yOO forE the Stiff But THE RuBBer DuCKie
DroNn DEAD. We HAve COURtmArtiallEd hTB
One RespOnsIble .. rALPH .. aDn ar sned-
InG him ToO wInNiPeG. If Yoo sned a NOO
BAtterTe forE The VibrAtOr (the BeAr ate
the LAST one) we WILL giv ToO BACK the
CENTrE of paGReS of THIS t'ike..

O
LIV an PISSes

XoXoXoXoXo

S.C.L.A.

TOIKE THEFT

Balcony Square today learned that some people calling themselves the SCLA stole the cover four pages of the new issue of the Toike.

To the Editors of the Toike we wish to offer you a sincere apology. Putting a newspaper together is a long, hard, and difficult process. To have four finished pages taken goes far beyond the bounds of humour.

We do not know who these SCLA people are, or even if they are really Scarborough students. (we hope they're not). To our fellow editors at the Toike, our honest understanding of a very unfortunate situation.

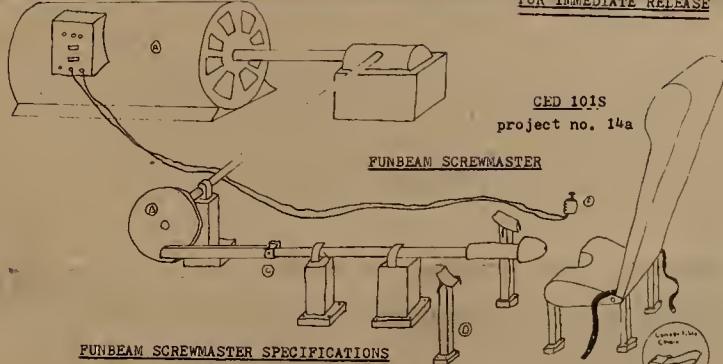
Stu Henderson, Editor.

INFORMATION

Labour Canada Travail Canada



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INPUT: 110 V., 60 Hz., 45 KW
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- C. Joint converts rotational motion of cam into translational motion.
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- F. Pistol grip speed control.

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FIFTY WAYS TO SCREW YOUR LOVER

The problem is all inside your head
She said to me
The answer is easy if you
Take it logically
I'd like to help you in your struggle
To be free
There must be fifty ways
To screw your lover

She said it's really not my habit
To intrude
Furthermore, I hope my meaning
Won't be lost or misconstrued
But I'll repeat myself
At the risk of being crude
There must be fifty ways
To screw your lover
Fifty ways to screw your lover

CHORUS:

Jump on her back, Jack.
Play with her toy, Roy.
Grab both her tits, Fritz.
Bust out her hymen, Simon.
Plug up the dam, Sam.
Watch for the fluid, Bud.
Lick up the juice, Bruce.
Suck up the sauce, Ross.
Sit on her face, Ace.
Do a good job, Rob.
Don't be a perv, Merv.
Go down and eat, Pete.
Was it all gooey, Luis.
Seek out her cherry, Jerry.
Chew on her lip, Chip.
Get in her cave, Dave.
Play with her mons, Fonz.
Knock down the wall, Paul.
Jump her and humper her, Dumper.
Get a good spread, Fred.
Give her the knob, Bob.
Slip in the ham, Sam.
Make her eat roe, Joe.
Roll her in the clover, Rover.

Let's see Felatio, Horatio.
Give vitamin F1, Jeff.
Ram up her ear, Dear.
Take off your girdle, Myrtle.
Give her a hickey, Mickey.
Crawl up her leg, Craig.
Go on in shootin', Newton.
Give us a moon, June.
Jump on her rump, Chump.
Stuff in a fern, Vern.
Chew out the beaver, Cleaver.
Wiggle your finger, Singer.
Go down upon her, Connor.
Don't make her puke, Luke.
Give her the shaft, Craft.
Right up the ass, Cass.
Giver the dick, Mick.
Come in her bum, Son.
Stuff up her sleeve, Steve.
Did you find it slimy, Himey.
Take up his phallus, Alice.
Give her an orgy, Georgy.
Chew on her fat, Pal.
Watch out for Syph, Cliff.

